NUMB. CXIII.

The GUARDIAN.

——Anphora cæpit
Inſtitui, currente rotâ, cur Urceus exit? Hor.

Tueſday, July 21. 1713.

I Laſt Night received a Letter from an honeſt Citizen who it ſeems is in his Honey-Moon. It is written by a plain Man on a plain Subject, but has an Air of good Senſe and natural Honeſty in it, which may perhaps pleaſe the Publick as much as my ſelf. I ſhall not therefore ſcruple the giving it a Place in my Paper, which is deſigned for common Uſe, and for the Benefit of the Poor as well as Rich.

Good Mr. IRONSIDE, Cheapſide, July 18.

'I Have lately married a very pretty Body, who 'being ſomething younger and richer than my 'ſelf, I was adviſed to go a Wooing to her in a 'finer Suit of Cloaths than I ever wore in my Life; 'for I love to Dreſs plain and ſuitable to a Man of 'my Rank. However, I gained her Heart by it. 'Upon the Wedding-day I put my ſelf, according 'to Cuſtom, in another Suit Fire-new, with Silver 'Buttons to it. I am ſo out of Countenance a'mong my Neighbours upon being ſo fine, that I 'heartily wiſh my Cloaths well worn out. I fancy 'every body obſerves me as I walk the Street, 'and long to be in my old plain Geer again. Be'ſides, forſooth, they have put me in a Silk 'Night-gown and a gaudy Fool's Cap, and 'make me now and then ſtand in the Window 'with it. I am aſham'd to be dandled thus, and 'can't look in the Glaſs without bluſhing to ſee 'my ſelf turned into ſuch a pretty little Maſter. 'They tell me I muſt appear in my Wedding Suit 'for the firſt Month at leaſt; after which I am re'ſolved to come again to my every Day's Cloaths, 'for at preſent every Day is *Sunday* with me. Now 'in my Mind, Mr. IRONSIDE, this is the wrong'eſt way of proceeding in the World. When a 'Man's Perſon is new and unaccuſtomed to a 'young Body, he does not want any thing elſe to 'ſet him off. The Novelty of the Lover has more 'Charms than a Wedding Suit. I ſhould think 'therefore, that a Man ſhould keep his Finery for 'the latter Seaſons of Marriage, and not begin to 'Dreſs till the Honey-moon is over. I have obſerved 'at a Lord Mayor's Feaſt, that the Sweetmeats don't 'make their Appearance till People are cloy'd with 'Beef and Mutton, and begin to loſe their Stomachs. 'But inſtead of this we ſerve up Delicacies to our 'Gueſts, when their Appetites are keen, and coarſe 'Diet when their Bellies are full. As bad as I hate 'my Silver-button'd Coat and Silk Night-Gown, 'I am afraid of leaving them off, not knowing 'whether my Wife won't repent of her Marriage 'when ſhe ſees what a plain Man ſhe has to her 'Husband. Pray, Mr. IRONSIDE, write ſome'thing to prepare her for it, and let me know 'whether you think ſhe can ever love me in a Hair 'Button.

I am, &c.

P. S. 'I forgot to tell you of my White Gloves, 'which, they ſay too, I muſt wear all the firſt 'Month.

My

(Price Two Pence.)